

THE  
ART  
OF  
*Humanly Acquir'd not Divinely*  
PREACHING,

IN IMITATION OF  
HORACE'S ART  
OF  
POETRY.

---

BY  
ROBERT DODSLEY,  
AUTHOR OF THE TOY-SHOP, AND OTHER MORAL  
AND ELEGANT PIECES.

---

THE TENTH EDITION.

---

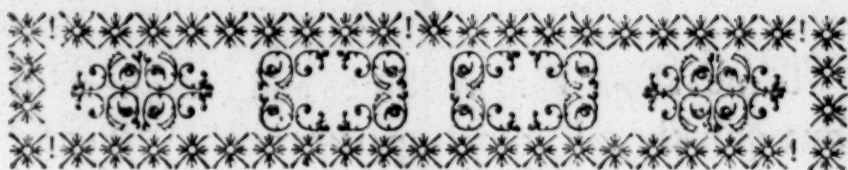
---

GLASGOW:

Printed by B. URIE,



Accepted in my self with Regard to my (Power)  
on the Title page of this Ingenious  
that do perform that Preaching the Gospel of  
stance towards God from Dead & lively & wicked  
& a Liverr Powerfull Working Faith in our  
Jealousy cast for no human Art or Contrivance  
as man can do or leave undone if he Pleases  
it doth not Necessarily depend upon the wisdom  
of a generated man but upon that Only is God  
Alone Teacheth man wisdom & secretly not to  
fine & eloquent words but to fear the Lord which  
Only is the Beginning of wisdom & the first  
step which is the only True Under-  
standing of God himself Faith of saving wisdom  
that they were wise (not that they were Righteous)  
but that they were Learned) no but that they  
knew that they would Consider & not art  
or Learning but their Latter End for it is  
that many have not only Considered & studied  
the wisdom of human Qualification who have  
not yet God Righteousness & consequently  
lively to be a Preacher of Righteousness  
not that they are able to be a Preacher of the Gospel  
but that they are able to be a Preacher of the Gospel  
if he has Persuaded & not in ever so many a Rustie  
man to repent & turn to God that is with  
the full of heart & hand & feet  
the Preacher of the Gospel of this  
world to be full of the flesh then  
by the wisdom of the bright  
mentality by his that turning men to  
the Lord for ever & ever  
I would understand the Lord to be the



T H E

# Art of Preaching;

In Imitation of

*HORACE's* ART of POETRY.

**S**hould some strange Poet, in his Piece, affect  
Pope's nervous Stile, with *Ward's* low  
Puns be-deck'd; (Wit;

Prink *Milton's* true Sublime, with *Swift's* true  
And *Blackmore's* Gravity with *Gay's* Conceit;  
Would you not laugh? Trust me that Priest's  
as bad,

Who in a Stile now grave, now raving mad,  
Gives the wild Whims of dreaming Schoolmen  
vent,

Whilst drowsy Congregations nod Assent.

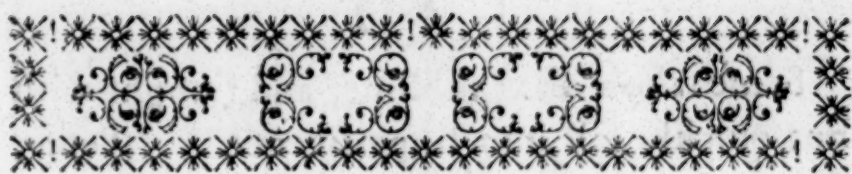
The Priests, 'tis true, have always been allow'd  
To teach Religion, and 'tis fit they shou'd;  
But in that sacred Name when they dispense  
Flat Contradictions to all common Sense;  
Tho' Fools and Bigots wonder and believe,  
The Wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

Some



Accepted my self with Regard to my (Powerful  
on the Title page of this Ingenious  
that Preaching the Gospel of  
God from Dead & lively & wicked  
Powerfull Working Faith in our  
(cast) is no human Will or Contrivance  
as man can do or leave undone if he Pleases  
it doth not Necessarily depend upon the wisdom  
of a mortal man but upon that Only wise God  
Alone Teacheth man wisdom Secretly not by  
fine & eloquent words but by fear the Lord which  
is the Beginning of wisdom & the first  
which is the only True Under-  
standing  
God himself is the Father of saving wisdom  
they were wise (not that they were without  
learning) nor Learned, not but that they  
knew that they would Consider & not art  
or Learning but their Latter End for it  
is that many have not only Considered & studied  
Acquirement human Qualification who have  
not for God Righteousness & consequently  
lively to be a Christian Righteousness  
in of it, but it may be said that every body  
is able to be a Christian if he has  
a Persuader to assist him ever so little  
merely to depend on him to God who is with  
him in all his ways & in all his doings  
the Righteousness of this  
world is the flesh then  
the brightest  
the shining men to  
the world is the flesh then





T H E

# Art of Preaching;

In Imitation of

*HORACE's* ART of POETRY.

**S**hould some strange Poet, in his Piece, affect  
*Pope's* nervous Stile, with *Ward's* low  
Puns be-deck'd; (Wit;

Prink *Milton's* true Sublime, with *Swift's* true  
And *Blackmore's* Gravity with *Gay's* Conceit;  
Would you not laugh? Trust me that Priest's  
as bad,

Who in a Stile now grave, now raving mad,  
Gives the wild Whims of dreaming Schoolmen  
vent,

Whilst drowsy Congregations nod Assent.

The Priests, 'tis true, have always been allow'd  
To teach Religion, and 'tis fit they shou'd;  
But in that sacred Name when they dispense  
Flat Contradictions to all common Sense;  
Tho' Fools and Bigots wonder and believe,  
The Wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

Some

Some take a Text sublime, and fraught with  
 But quickly fall into Impertinence. (Sense,  
 On Trifles eloquent, with great Delight  
 They flourish out on some strange mystick Rite;  
 Clear up the Darkness of some useful Text,  
 Or make some crabbed Passage more perplex:  
 But to subdue the Passions, or direct,  
 And all Life's moral Duties, they neglect.

Most Preachers err (except the wiser few)  
 Thinking establish'd Doctrines, *therefore* true:  
 Others; too fond of Novelty and Schemes,  
 Amuse the World with airy, idle Dreams:  
 Thus <sup>*selfish*</sup> ~~too much~~ Faith, <sup>*alone*</sup> or too presuming Wit,  
 Are Rocks where Bigots, or Free-thinkers  
 split.

The very meanest Dabler at *Whiteball*  
 Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul;  
 But when of some great Truth he aims to preach,  
 Alas! he finds it far beyond his Reach. (find  
 Young Deacons try your Strength, and strive to  
 A Subject suited to your Turn of Mind;  
 Method and Words are easily your own;  
 Or should they fail you---steal from *Tillotson*.

Much of its Beauty, Usefulness, and Force,  
 Depends on rightly timing a Discourse.  
 Before the L--ds or C-m-n-s,--far from nice,  
 Say boldly----*Brib'ry is a dirty Vice*----  
 But quickly check yourself--and with a Sneer--  
*Of which this Honourable House is Clear.*

Great

Great is the Work, and worthy of the Gown,  
To bring forth hidden Truths, and make them  
known.

Yet in all new Opinions, have a Care ; (bear :  
Truth is too strong for some weak Minds to  
And are new Doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?  
Let them from Scripture plainly be deriv'd.

*Barclay* or *Baxter*, wherefore do we blame  
For Innovations, yet approve the same  
In *Wickliff* and in *Calvin*? Why are These  
Call'd wise Reformers? Those mad Sectaries?  
'Tis most unjust : Men always had a Right,  
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write  
Their various Minds ; yet sacred ought to be  
The Publick Peace, as Private Liberty.

Opinions are like Leaves which every Year  
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.  
Once the Pope's Bulls could terrify his Foes,  
And kneeling Princes kiss'd his sacred Toes ;  
Now may he damn, or curse, or what he will,  
There's not a Prince in Christendom will kneel.  
Reason now reigns, and by her Aid we hope  
Truth may revive, and sick'ning Error droop :  
She the sole Judge, the Rule, the gracious Light  
Kind Heav'n has lent to guide our Minds aright.

States to embroil, and Faction to display,  
In wild Harangues, *Sacheverel* shew'd the way.

The Fun'ral Sermon, when it first began,  
Was us'd to weep the Loss of some good Man ;  
Now



Now any Wretch, for one small Piece of Gold,  
 Shall have fine Praises from the Pulpit sold :  
 But when this Custom rose, who can decide?  
 From Priestly Av'rice? or from Human Pride?

Truth, moral Virtue, Piety, and Peace  
 Are noble Subjects, and the Pulpit grace:  
 But Zeal for Trifles arm'd imperious *Laud*,  
 His Power and Cruelty the Nation aw'd.  
 Why was he honour'd with the Name of Priest,  
 And Greatest made, unworthy to be Least,  
 Whose Zeal was Fury, whose Devotion Pride,  
 Power his great God, and Interest his sole Guide?

To touch the Passions let your Style be plain;  
 The Praise of Virtue asks a higher Strain :  
 Yet sometimes the Pathetick may receive  
 The utmost Force that Eloquence can give;  
 As sometimes, in Eulogiums, 'tis the Art,  
 With plain Simplicity to win the Heart.

'Tis not enough that what you say is true,  
 To make *us* feel it, *you* must feel it too:  
 Show *yourself* warm'd, and that will Warmth  
 impart

To every Hearer's sympathizing Heart.  
 When honest *Foster* Virtue does enforce,  
 All give Attention to the warm Discourse:  
 But who a cold, dull, lifeless, Drawling keeps,  
 One half his Audience laughs, the other sleeps.

In censuring Vice be earnest and severe;  
 In stating dubious Points concise and clear;

Anger

Anger requires stern Looks and threat'ning Stile;  
 But paint the Charms of Virtue with a Smile.  
 These diff'rent Changes Common Sense will  
 teach ;

And we expect them from you if you preach ;  
 For should your Manner differ from your Theme,  
 Or on quite different Subjects be the same,  
 Despis'd and laugh'd at, you must travel down,  
 And hide such Talents in some Country Town.

It much concerns a Preacher first to learn  
 The Genius of his Audience, and their Turn.  
 Amongst the Citizens be grave and slow ;  
 Before the Nobles let fine Periods flow ; (Skill ;  
 The *Temple Church* asks *Sherlock's* Sense, and  
 Beyond the Tow'r--no Matter--what you will.

In Facts or Notions fetch'd from sacred Writ  
 Be orthodox, nor cavil to show Wit :

Or if your daring Genius is so bold  
 To teach new Doctrines, or to censure old,  
 With Care proceed, you tread a dangerous Path ;  
 Error establish'd grows establish'd Faith.

'Tis easier much, and much the safer Rule  
 To teach in Pulpit what you learnt at School ;

With Zeal defend whate'er the Church believes,  
 If you expect to thrive, or wear Lawn Sleeves.

Some loudly bluster, and consign to Hell  
 All who dare doubt one Word or Syllable  
 Of what they call the Faith ; & which extends  
 To Whims and Trifles without Use or Ends :

Sure

Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like Divine,  
 T' enlarge the Path to Heaven, than to confine:  
 Insist alone on useful Points, or plain;  
 And know, God cannot hate a virtuous Man.

If you expect or hope that we should stay  
 Your whole Discourse, nor strive to sink away;  
 Some venial Faults there are you must avoid,  
 To every Age and Circumstance ally'd.

A pert young Student just from College brought,  
 With many little Pedantries is fraught:  
 Reasons with Syllogism, persuades with Wit,  
 Quotes Scraps of *Greek* instead of sacred Writ;  
 Or deep immers'd in Politick Debate,  
 Reforms the Church, and guides the totter-  
 ing State.

Those Trifles which maturer Age forgot,  
 Now some good Benefice employs his Thought;  
 He seeks a Patron, and will soon incline  
 To all his Notions civil or divine;  
 Studies his Principles both Night and Day,  
 And as that Scripture guides, must preach and  
 pray.

Av'rice and Age creep on: his reverend Mind  
 Begins to grow Right-reverendly inclin'd.  
 Power and Preferment still so sweetly call,  
 The Voice of Heaven is never heard at all:  
 Set but a tempting Bishoprick in View,  
 He's strictly Orthodox and Loyal too;  
 With equal Zeal defends the Church and State,  
 And Infidels and Rebels share his Hate.

Some



Some things are plain, we can't misunder-  
stand ; (plain'd:  
Some still obscure, tho' thousands have ex-  
Those influence more which Reason can con-  
ceive,  
Than such as we thro' Faith alone believe ;  
In Those we judge, in These you *may* deceive :  
But what too deep in Mytery is thrown,  
The wisest Preachers chuse to let alone.  
How *Adam's* Fault affects all Human Kind ;  
How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd ;  
How certain Prescience checks not future Will ;  
And why Almighty Goodness suffers Ill ;  
Such Points as these lie far too deep for Man,  
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

If Pastors more than thrice five Minutes  
preach ;  
Their sleepy Flocks begin to yawn, and stretch.  
Never presume the Name of God to bring  
As sacred Sancton to a trifling Thing  
Before, or after Sermon, Hymns of Praise  
Exalt the Soul, and true Devotion raise.  
In Songs of Wonder celebrate His Name,  
Who spread the Skies, and built the starry  
Frame :

Or thence descending view this Globe below,  
And praise the Source of every Bliss we know.

In ancient Times, when Heaven was to be  
prais'd,

Our humble Ancestors their Voices rais'd,

B

And

And Hymns of thanks from grateful Bosoms  
flow'd,

For Ills prevented, or for Good bestow'd :

But as the Church increas'd in Power and Pride,

The Pomp of Sound the want of Sense supply'd ;

Majestick Organs then were taught to blow,

And plain Religion grew a Raree-show :

Strange ceremonious Whims, a numerous Race,

Were introduc'd, in Truth's and Virtue's place.

Mysterious Turnpikes block up Heaven's  
Highway,

And for a Ticket, we our Reason pay.

These Superstitions quickly introduce  
Contempt, Neglect, wild Satire, and Abuse ;

Religion and its Priests, by every Fool,

Were thought a Jest, and turn'd to Ridicule.

Some few indeed found where the Medium lay,

And kept the \* Coat, but tore the Fringe away.

Of Preaching well if you expect the Fame,

Let Truth and Virtue be your first great Aim.

Your sacred Function often call to mind,

And think how great the Trust to teach Man-  
kind !

'Tis yours in useful Sermons to explain,

Both what we owe to God, and what to Man.

'Tis yours the Charms of Liberty to paint,

His Country's Love in every Breast to plant ;

Yours every social Virtue to improve,

Justice, Forbearance, Charity, and Love ;

---

\* *Vide Martin in the Tale of Tub.*

Yours

Yours too the private Virtues to augment,  
 Of Prudence, Temperance, Modesty, Content :  
 When such the Man, how amiable the Priest !  
 Of all Mankind the worthiest, and the best.

Ticklish the Point, I grant, and hard to find,  
 To please the various Tempers of Mankind.  
 Some love you should the crabbed Points explain,

Where Texts with Texts a dreadful War  
 maintain :

Some love a new, and some the beaten Path,  
 Morals please some, and others Points of  
 Faith ;

But he's the Man, he's the admir'd Divine,  
 In whose Discourses Truth and Virtue join :  
 These are the Sermons which will ever live,  
 By these our *\*Tonsons*, and our *Knaptons* thrive ;  
 How such are read, and prais'd and how they  
 sell,

Let *Barrow's*, *Clarke's*, and *Foster's* Sermonstell.

Preachers should either make us good or wise,  
 Him that does neither, who but must despise ?  
 If all your Rules are useful, short, and plain,  
 We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain ;  
 But if on Trifles you harangue, away

We turn our Heads, and laugh at all you say.

But Priests are Men, and Men are prone to  
 err,

On common Failings none should be severe ;

---

*\* Eminent Booksellers.*



All are not Masters of the same good Sense,  
 Nor blest with equal Powers of Eloquence.  
 'Tis true: and Errors with an honest Mind,  
 Will meet with easy Pardon from Mankind;  
 But, who persists in Wrong with haughty  
 Pride,

Him all must censure, many will deride.

Yet few are Judges of a fine Discourse,  
 Can see its Beauties, or can feel its Force;  
 With like Indulgence some attentive sit,  
 To sober Reasoning, and to shallow Wit.  
 What then? Because your Audience most are  
 Fools,

Will you neglect all Method, and all Rules?  
 Or since the Pulpit is a sacred Place,  
 Where none dare contradict you to your Face,  
 Will you presume to tell a thousand Lies?  
 If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

In jingling *Bev'ridge* if I chance to see  
 One Word of Sense, I prize the Rarity:  
 But if in *Hooker*, *Sprat*, or *Tillotson*,  
 A Thought unworthy of themselves is shown,  
 I grieve to see it, but 'tis no Surprise,  
 The greatest Men are not at all times wise.

Sermons, like Plays, some please us at the Ear,  
 But never will a serious Reading bear;  
 Some in the Closet edify enough,  
 That from the Pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.  
 'Tis thus: there are who by ill preaching spoil  
*Young's* pointed Sense, or *Atterbury's* Style;  
 Whilst

Whilst others by the Force of Eloquence,  
Make That seem fine, which scarce is com-  
mon Sense.

In every Science, they that hope to rise,  
Set great Examples still before their Eyes.  
Young Lawyers copy *Murray* where they can;  
Physicians *Mead*, and surgeons *Chefelden*:  
But all will preach, without the least Pretence  
To Virtue, Learning, Art, or Eloquence.  
Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt  
A Priest may grow Right-Reverend without.

Preachers and Preaching were at first design'd  
For common Benefit to all Mankind.

Publick and private Virtues they explain'd,  
To Goodness couched, and from Vice restrain'd:  
Love, Peace, and Union breath'd in each Dis-  
course,

And their Examples gave their Precepts Force.  
From these good Men, the Priests and all their  
Line,

Were honour'd with the Title of *Divine*.

But soon their proud Successors left this Path,  
Forsook plain Morals for dark Points of Faith;  
Till Creeds on Creeds the warring World in-  
flam'd,

And all Mankind, by different Priests, were  
damn'd.

Some ask which is th' Essential of a Priest,  
Virtue or Learning? What they ask's a Jest:

We daily see dull Loads of reverend Fat,  
 Without Pretence to either This or That.  
 But who like *Hough* or *Hoadly* hopes to shine,  
 Must with great Learning real Virtue join.

He who by Preaching hopes to raise a Name,  
 To no small Excellence directs his Aim.  
 On every noted Preacher he must wait ;  
 The Voice, the Look, the Gesture imitate :  
 And when complete in Stile and Eloquence,  
 Must then crown all with Learning and good  
 Sense.

But some with lazy Pride disgrace the Gown,  
 And never preach one Sermon of their own ;  
 'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,  
 So all the Week they eat, and drink, and doze.

As Quacks with lying Puffs the Papers fill,  
 Or hand their own Praise in a pocky Bill,  
 Where empty Boasts of much superior Sense,  
 Draw from the cheated Croud their idle Pence ;  
 So the great *H---ley* hires for Half a Crown, }  
 A quack Advertisement to tell the Town }  
 Of some strange Point to be disputed on :  
 Where all who love the Science of Debate,  
 May hear Themselves, or other Coxcombs prate.

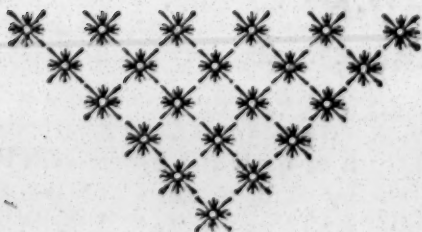
When Dukes or noble Lords, a Chaplain hire,  
 They first of his Capacities enquire,  
 If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,  
 If not too nice to bear an impious Joke,  
 If tame enough to be the common Jest,  
 This is a Chaplain to his Lordship's Taste.



If Bards to *Pope* indifferent Verses show,  
 He is too honest not tell them so.  
 This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,  
 These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off.  
 How useful every Word from such a Friend!  
 But Parsons are too proud *Their* Works to mend,  
 They'll every Fault with Arrogance defend,  
 Think them too sacred to be criticiz'd,  
 And rather chuse to let them be despis'd.

He that is wise will not presume to laugh  
 At Priests, or Church-Affairs; it is not safe.  
 Think there exists, and let it check your Sport,  
 That dreadful Monster call'd a Spiritual Court.  
 Into whose cruel Jaws if once you fall,  
 In vain, alas in vain, for Aid you call;  
 Clerks, Proctors, Priests, voracious round you  
                   ply, (dry.  
 Like Leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you

F I N I S.





BOOKS printed for W. OGDEN.

1. **A** Specimen of Preaching, as Practised amongst the People, called Methodists. By J. Helme The Second Edition, with Additions by a Friend of the Author's. Price 6d.

2. The New Whole Duty of Man improv'd; explaining the necessary Faith and Practice of every Christian; more Plain and Practical than either the old or New whole Duty of Man; Peculiarly adapted to the Present Times, as a Remedy against those Wild and Mistaken Notions, which Perplex and Distract well-meaning and pious Christians, to the Hindrance of a Holy Life, tho' essentially necessary to salvation. Necessary for Families Publish'd with the Approbation of many eminent Clergy men and others. \* With Devotions suited to several Occasions, and a Help to the understanding the Holy Scriptures, 5s.

3. A Complete Manual of Family and Private Devotions, suited to a great Variety of Cases. Collected from the Writings of Bp. Taylor, Bp Kenn, Bp Patrick, Mr Spincker, Mr Nelson, Mr. Kettlewell, Dr. Horneck, Dr. Scott, Dr. Iets, Mr Jenks, and other eminent Divines of the Church of England; with a serious Exhortation to Family Prayer, extracted from the late Bp Gibson. To which are added, Answers to the Objections against Prayer in general, very large Print, 4s 6d

4. The New Week's Preparation for a Worthy Receiving of the Lord's Supper, improv'd, as Recommended and appointed by the Church of England; Consisting of Meditations and Prayers for the Morning and Evening of every Day in the Week: With Forms of Examination, and Confession of Sins, and a Companion for the Altar, Directing the Communicant how to Behave, with Devotions, at the Lord's Table: also, Meditations to enable us to live well after Receiving the Holy Sacrament; to which are added a Morning and Evening Prayer for the Closet or Family, Prayers on other Occasions, Hymns, &c The whole tending to promote a religious Temper and Conduct more than any other Week's Preparation. 18d.

5. The Instructive, Letter Writer, and Entertaining Companion: Containing Letters on the most interesting Subjects, in an elegant and easy Style; wherein a peculiar Regard has been had to select those, only, which are best adapted to inspire noble and manly Sentiments, and promote a rational and virtuous Conduct; most of them being wrote by eminent Personages, and the best Authors antient and modern. With Forms of Messages for Cards. To which are prefix'd Instructions for writing Letters with Elegance and Propriety; Directions how to address Persons of all Ranks; a Plain and Concise Grammar of the English Tongue; and some necessary Orthographical Directions. These are the very best Letters of the most elegant and judicious Epistolary Writers. Price 2s 6d.

